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Spring 1996

Mount Voices

writers & artists of mount saint mary's college

Volume I, Number 1

Poetry : Anne Black, Brenda Canales, Alice Dickerson, Esquirias, Marla Ferguson, Mary McDonald, Melissa Mendiola; *Fiction* : Karen Lindell, Bradley Paterson, Cindy Tino-Sandoval; *Photos* : Susan Aminoff, Jackie Velez

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Mount Voices

Editor : Bernadette Lee

Managing Editor : Anne Black

Business Manager : Lovella Soriano

Editorial Assistants : Leslie Allen, Monica Vielma, and Caroline Yang

Editorial Board: Anne Black, Katherine Brueck, Ph. D, Andrea Graybehl, Kelly Kester-Smith, Bernadette Lee, Jill Perry, Mariette Sawchuck, Ph. D, Susan Vaughn

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EDITOR'S NOTES

For every one voice that sings and cries, a thousand more remain silent. *Mount Voices* was created as an outlet for the students, alumni, faculty, staff, and administrators to share their stories.

It has taken almost a year of legwork to get this magazine off the ground. Considering though that a literary magazine from the Mount was last published fifteen years ago, I would like to congratulate everyone for making the *Mount Voices* happen.

We've had some pleasant surprises reading through the submissions. Discovering unpublished writers and artists is even more delightful than finding a crumbled dollar bill in a pocket on laundry day.

My vision is to see this magazine flourish for at least another fifteen years. I hope that when I return as an alumna and browse through the archives, I can find a shelf of *Mount Voices* waiting to be read.

Every time you read a poem or story, look at a photograph, you breathe life into it. Thanks again to all the contributors, editorial board members, staff, administrators, Sr. Mary Williams, and you, the reader, for supporting the *Mount Voices*.

B.L.

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Anne Black

A woman from the camps

Her hair was heavy and gray,
brushed in thick strands
to old shoulders
held in perpetual dignity.
Her face was not old for seventy,
but in her calm smile
was deadly serious knowledge
and wisdom:
listen to me
live and listen to me.

I knew before I touched her hand,
before I even saw her,
that this woman would have
every year, every cry,
every death and resurrection
in her eyes, her face, her body—
carrier of years,
carrier of ages.
And when she took my hand,
her clasp so warm,
her face so knowing,
full of years,
full of ages past—
she passed on something terrible to me:

Anne Black will graduate from the Mount in May, 1996, with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Religious Studies and minors in Spanish and English. This is her first venture into the publishing business.

a fraction of sadness,
a lingering mite of terror,
a lifetime of anguish,
in through my pores,
in through the optic nerve,
into my system—
pain I could not imagine.

Shalom.
Amen.

Jericho, from the Smoker's Table

I must admit to myself
for God already knows:
here in this place
of crimson golden suns
rising and setting,
of dull fog hiding the glow
at this monument
of sculptured greens,
jungle hangings,
and white-washed halls—
the million lights below,
the terraced hills,
the sea beyond
(as if in a painting,
the boats and ships
lay tethered for time on end,
still, steel gray heavy in the water)—
here in this place,
I dream of faraway

streets of uneven stone,
hills of craggy rock
crossed with narrow ways
to the tin-roofed shacks
full of laughter, and
two brown boys with red flags
in the middle of the desert
selling their bruised bright fruit for a meal,
giving their smiles for free.

Thinking of God...

The wind tears through the trees tonight
carrying smells of canyons passed.
Leaves and branches crackle and swell
then burst as the gusts rush through.

Venetian blinds stir before me,
and through the open window
I hear the voice of My Father—
Who else can bend the tall
eucalyptus to the ground
and stand it again at will?

The earth trembles for the Lord!
and I, rapt in his presence,
yield my heart to his own,
embryonic to causal Love.

On my marriage

(To my Mom-thanks for trying so hard.)

There was a time when time would bend
when nothing ever had an end
when nothing hurt I couldn't mend
when time was rhyme and nothing said
was just as well 'cause nothing bled.

But now it's gone and all I know
is you won't say I told you so.

There was a home so long ago
where I would sing (and whisper no
to myself in the half moon's glow -)
I always thought your silent lull
a wish of peace upon my soul.

But now it's gone - I didn't hear
your wisdom then, its price too dear.

Now I've just these broken pieces -
softness shattered, wholeness ceases,
mirrored image: tears and creases.
Rendered rigid I've discovered
what was hid is now uncovered -

Not peace you wished in silence there
Your fears kept still by fear and care.

You always knew the way I'd go,
your heart the pain that mine would know
and still you let me choose to go -
I hear the vain words now, so missed
when life was time, and time was wish.

You tried to say by word and sign -
The silence heard was only mine.

Gay Man at a Barbeque

The happier he is,
the more applause he hears,
the more the hips swagger,
no—slide, glide, sashay, *move*—
and the arms dance above
his head in elegant
conversation. He dances
to and fro and here and
there, palms down and head cocked
this way and that way. The
elbow slides along his
body to gesture, hand
out in a dainty run,
shoulders shuffling up
and down—such a strong man,
he presents his whole self.

Karen Lindell

Remembrances of Things Sweet

Whence could it have come to me, this all-powerful joy? I sensed that it was connected with the taste of the tea and the cake.

Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*

My grandmother loves sweets. At family gatherings or celebrations, I can always find her at the refreshment table, where she nibbles on anything sugar-sweetened, nut-filled or chocolate-coated. On a recent trip to a warehouse grocery store, we had to keep stopping so she could taste the free samples of fresh-baked oatmeal and chocolate-chip cookies offered by various vendors. She never says no to an ice-cream cone and bowls of jelly beans disappear whenever she visits.

Proust's taste of madeleine pastry soaked in lime-blossom tea triggered a remembrance of things past. But for my grandmother, someday a taste of her favorite treat will be nothing but a delicious yet fleeting sensation of the present moment. My grandmother suffers from pre-Alzheimer's disease, and not even a morsel of the sweetest pastry can bring back memories of her past.

The disease has affected her gradually. I originally thought that she was simply turning old and forgetful. But two years ago I began to suspect that her bouts of forgetfulness were more than just occasional lapses of memory. A

Karen Lindell graduated from the Mount as an English major in 1994. She is currently an editorial intern at L.A. Parent Magazine and a free-lance writer.

week after my grandmother had attended my college graduation ceremony, she asked me what year I would be graduating from college. A few weeks later, she wanted to know how I was enjoying college. And today she still asks how I am doing in school. Once, when I picked her up to drive her to church, we had to conduct a small-scale search for the weekly collection-money envelope. When we got in the car, envelope in hand, she wanted to know where we were going. When I gently reminded her, she insisted that we had to go back inside for the collection money. At a family Christmas celebration, I helped her open a present from my mom—a Christmas sweater that she put on immediately. She came up to me a few minutes later. "I love this sweater. Who gave it to me?" These are only a few of many similar incidents. My greatest fear? That the next time I see her she will forget my name.

Living with my grandfather must either be a curse or a blessing for my grandmother because *his* memory is sharper than ever. His mind contains vivid snapshots of all his memories and he can recollect the most insignificant details from years ago. For example, he recalls every lay and the exact score of my mom's softball games when she was ten years old. He can recite the square footage of all the homes he has lived in, and he can list the names, numbers and mileage of each route he traveled as a railroad engineer.

My grandfather enjoys his role as storyteller, and he usually dominates the conversation whenever I visit. (The only thing he doesn't seem to remember is which stories he's already told.) Sometimes I watch my grandmother as she listens intently to my grandfather discussing the cost of flour during the Depression or reminiscing about a conversation with his third-grade teacher. Is she trying to remember the stories of *her* life? Perhaps she has only a vague, general memory of a happy and safe childhood growing up as the baby of the family. Or perhaps she can recall a few specific

meaningful incidents, such as her first taste of ice cream, the nervousness of her wedding day or the birth of her twins. Maybe she does not remember the past at all. I worry not that someday she won't know she has memories, like a newborn baby whose mind is a blank canvas. A baby's canvas is fresh and new, innocently awaiting the life that will be splashed across its white surface. But my grandmother's canvas has already been painted and has now begun to fade. The cracked and aged surface can no longer soak in the colors and textures.

But splotches of vibrant color remain. My grandparent's home is a depository for photos of their seven children and 15 grandchildren. Most are in frames, but as my grandmother has collected more pictures over the years, the most recent ones, especially school photos, work themselves into the corners of other frames. Pictures are pinned to lampshades, tucked into books and perched haphazardly on top of mirrors. I ask her why she doesn't frame the newer pictures and get rid of the older ones. "I can remember all of you better this way." Bits of color that are bits of memory, faces of family past and present.

My grandmother has not yet forgotten all of life's textures. She remembers the joy she felt at the recent celebration of her fiftieth wedding anniversary, and she cries when she recalls the last visit she had with her sister who died of cancer. She remembers the delight of a spontaneous visit and afternoon walk with my mom, and the excitement of an evening of line-dancing with my aunt when she was the center of attention without my grandfather along. She remembers the generosity of a neighbor who drove her to the doctor, and the laughter after a night of pampering from my aunt, who gave her a hair makeover by dying her graying-brown curls a chestnut-red. "I thought she was going to make it blond."

And she remembers sweets. I recently baked a pan of brownies and brought my grandparents half the batch. My grandmother insisted she would take "just one bite" because it was almost dinnertime. But the aroma of chocolate prevailed over practicality and she sampled an entire brownie. A week later, she mentioned to my mother how much she had enjoyed the brownies and my visit. "My grandchildren and children are all so sweet to me."

Perhaps small gestures of kindness and attention in my grandmother's final years will be like the taste of Proust's madeleine, savory and sweet reminders of her last days that even a lack of proper brain chemicals cannot erase. Alzheimer's will rob her of the past, but not her present. I will continue to bring brownies, even when she forgets my name.

Untitled

With steady eyes the color of black pearls
And yesterday's seasons bathed with equilibrium's kisses

Between enchanting coral
and serious fingers of the wind

Unattainable vices of inscrutable variety
Roll demonic dice
And flee the leaping red spiders that gnaw
The metamorphic dawn

Esquirias is a staff member at the Mount.

Jackie Velez

Jackie Velez can often be seen roaming the campus with her camera, although she has recently taken up painting. She is a third year Gerontology and Sociology major.

Kate Left

Kate, whose face is the soft white
Hardness of marble,
the way it curves,
Touches.

Whose slightly curved stomach
is like that of a mother,
after creation.

Kate, whose arms are
Cracked and broken,
Shattered like the
tall statue lying in the garden,
groping lines down to the earth,
To safety on damp grass that grows
over the small curled toes,
curled like the top of a hot red
Apple.

Kate, whose mouth is like a
Blue siren,
Loud and a little dead,
Desperate looking,
feeling.

Marla Ferguson is a third year English major and currently Editor-in-Chief of the Oracle, the Mount newspaper. She has published a personal narrative at the University of Arizona.

Whose eyes are muddy and hazy,
that have chameleon features,
Turning to dark,
To light...
Off.

Whose ears
Drop,
        crying.

Kate, who says
she is lost,
who knows she is
Stumbling.

Kate, whose mouth opens for the
soft
rain falling across her face
like shadows.
Whose hands grasp the air
and fall.

Kate, who stands in the rain saying
she will not move,
she will stay until the lightning
drops on her,
Disintegrates her,
cracks the rest of her to dust.

Who says
"I am still in love with the dead."

Susan Aminoff

Point Montara Lighthouse in Pacifica, California.

Dr. Susan Aminoff teaches Sociology at the Mount. She and her husband "enjoy seaside vacations and have discovered photographing lighthouses from coast to coast can be an exciting vacation focus."

Cindy Tino-Sandoval

Sandcastles

Sandcastles built at the high tide mark last the longest. Cathy Brown and I figured that out when we were eleven and finally allowed to spend whole days at the beach on our own. We watched the tide's incessant climb as wave by wave it erased our lower-built efforts. By day's end, we had seen the highs and lows of one full cycle, and their pull on our beachball as it bobbed in the surf.

My dad dropped us off in the mornings on his way to work, and picked us up in the late afternoons. Cathy didn't see much of her dad—he was a long-haul truckdriver. She was crazy about him, though. Bill Brown was a towering bear of a man, with a big laugh and an even bigger cigar. He would show up a few times each month bearing the fruits of his overloads, which Cathy proudly shared with the rest of the block. I remember the time he brought home a box as big as a washing machine, and dragged in to the middle of their living room. Cathy lifted off the top, and it was filled with bulk M&M's, millions of them. We scooped candies out by the bowlful, and, like benevolent royalty, bestowed them upon any child who came to the front door. During these times Cathy was the neighborhood celebrity, but she only had eyes for Bill.

Though we both played in the local girls' softball league, Cathy never liked it. She couldn't hit, throw, or field. League rules, however, guaranteed each girl two innings of play per game, and Cathy always served hers in right field,

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Cindy Tino-Sandoval is a Weekend College student at Mount St. Mary's College. She attends a writer's group weekly and has had an editorial published in the Long Beach Telegram.

where no one but lefties hit. She would stand out there with her oversized glove on her face, gazing up at the clouds through cracks between the fingers. She never noticed the rare grounder that made it past the infield, limping her way, and we had to get her attention with screams and whistles from the bench. Cathy wanted her two innings over as quickly as possible, and would daydream the game away. Her dad, however, was baseball crazy. During his breaks from driving, he liked to head to the schoolyard with Cathy, and show her how to shag grounders. If he was ever disappointed with her butterfingers and wild throws, it never showed.

That eleventh summer, Bill decided to take Cathy on a two-week run to the East Coast. She was ecstatic. I was a little bummed at losing my beach companion for what would surely seem an eternity, but happy for her anyway. Bill's rig rumbled out of the neighborhood on Saturday morning, and I waved at Cathy from the corner. She was sitting up as tall and straight as she could in the cab's coveted "shotgun" position. How I envied her. My own dad was around every night after work, and we never did anything nearly as cool.

One week later, I was surprised to see Cathy and her mom in their driveway. I ran over as fast as I could, and saw that Cathy had been crying. Apparently, Bill had come down with the flu one day into their trip, and drove for four days with worsening chest pains. He collapsed in an Arkansas diner, and was rushed to the hospital. A nurse called Cathy's mom, who flew out to join them. By the time she arrived, it was too late. Bill had passed away, and Cathy's mom found her, grieving and terrified, in the ICU lobby.

I didn't see much of Cathy for the rest of that summer. My mom kept pushing me to call and invite her over to do something, anything. But I couldn't. Every night, when I saw my own dad seated at the head of the table, I knew that I could never find the right words to tell Cathy how sorry I

was, that I knew how she felt about Bill. Things would never be the same for her.

During the last week of summer, Cathy called me. She wanted to know if I still went to the beach, and if she could go too. We went on the last weekday before school started. The sun shone as brightly as on any summer day, but the breeze seemed sad with a hint of autumn crispness. Cathy and I fumbled for conversation, and eventually, started work on a sandcastle. As always, we built at the high tide mark, but did not reckon on small tidal differences caused by the approaching season change. When we finished our work, we lay back down on our towels, listening to the radio. I dozed off, and when my eyes opened I saw Cathy sitting up, with tears in her eyes. I followed her gaze, to where nothing remained of our castle but a melted lump of wet sand. Cathy grabbed the bucket and ran to fill it at the water's edge. She walked resolutely back up the sand, far from the tide's reach in any season. There we built our biggest castle yet, high and dry. When my dad picked us up, we both turned in our seats to look back at our creation. We could see its spires and turrets from a long way off, and, as we turned onto PCH, knew something of it would always remain.

Cindy Tino-Sandoval

Bantams

Nestled in piney mountains fifty miles north of Santa Fe, Los Alamos, New Mexico is primarily known as the birthplace of the atomic bomb. Look-alike row housing surrounds the seventy-seven acre laboratory, and young scientists are reared to take the places of those aging. Middle-class values and nuclear-fission keep the town safe and prosperous; a fringe community of Mexican domestics and laborers exists on the fallout of their wealth. In a flash of white, the high country people of color—*Indios* and Mexicans, too—have been relegated to lives of invisible servitude. Their earthy spirit smolders beneath Los Alamos' now stuccoed facade, singing those who wander closer.

Los Alamos is also the home of Brad Folger and his buddy, Harold. They live in houses up on the Hill, from which they can look down on both *los barrios* and the town proper. Every Saturday morning, Brad and Harold bowl in the Los Alamos Bantam Bowling League. At thirteen, they are "serious bowlers," and wear their red-sleeved team shirts with pride. Patches on the shirts mark milestones in their sport, e.g., "league Champ," "High Average," and "High Series." They will always be part of one team or another, and someday, lab coats or business suits will take the place of bowling shirts. It is their birthright. The boys crunch through the gravel parking lot, bowling bags in hand, and arrive at the lanes ready to bowl. Their only distraction is Donna Mitchell.

Donna is like Los Alamos in winter. She is tall, blonde, sparkling and cool, and to Brad and Harold, she is the very grace of this southwestern plateau. Though she is also only thirteen, donna is drop-dead gorgeous and can pass for a high school senior. This time around, she is on Brad's team. Between turns,

Donna runs up the steps to the jukebox where her boyfriend Hector waits, and they make out until Brad or Harold is sent to bring her back. Hector is older—a high school drop-out—and looks like a man. His mother cleans house for Brad's family. He has Donna encircled in his long brown arms, and presses her against the jukebox. With the bowling alley filled with kids and parents on a Saturday morning, Hector's and Donna's furtive embrace really stands out. Brad has difficulty focusing on the game.

Harold stares at Hector and Donna, and a grin spreads across his newly-pimpled face. He turns to Brad, and rolls his eyes in their direction. Brad sneaks a quick glance, and kicks Harold under the scoring table. "Your turn" he snaps. "How do you mean that?" Harold says, and chokes back a giggle. For Brad and Harold, Saturday mornings are really beginning to center around Donna. Hector's recent intrusions only heighten the fantasy. After all, she's still on their team. "Where's Donna?" "Get Donna" "Here's your ball, Donna...". It seems like the team is there in support of her. Donna's turn steals her away from Hector, and she picks up a difficult spare. Exuberant, she gathers Brad into an elated hug. Hector glowers in the background; his boot grinds a cigarette into the clean carpet. There is a sharp vibration under the lane, and the teammates turn to watch the carousel. When the ball return spits her cheap ball out with a fist-sized chunk missing, Brad and Harold are horrified. "Oh, shit! That's *Donna's* ball!" They have never seen such damage to one before. Brad grabs the ball, and rushes to complain to the bow-tied manager, who merely shrugs. "Well," Donna remarks, "I guess that's it for me." She follows the quick jerk of Hector's head, and does not return. Brad and Harold are stunned. She could have used a house ball, or one of theirs...anything to finish out the game. Brad holds her ball in his hands, and looks at it closely for the first time. it is obviously second hand, with chipped finger holes drilled long ago for someone else. "Man, it's a fucking miracle she scored *any* pins with this thing."

When League is finished for the day, Brad and Harold ritualistically carry Donna's ball to the edge of town, and the Hundred Foot Bridge. Solemnly, they center themselves on the bridge, take aim, and drop the ball to the rocks below. As Brad releases the ball, he feels its dead weight slip from his hands, and thinks of Donna.

A year later, Donna moves away to have her baby. Hector fades back into the barrio, and is easily forgotten. There, he silently nurses his black hatred for those who would take what was his. Hector's mother babysits the Folger grandchildren, Brad's niece and nephew. As for Brad and Harold, they still bowl, with the jukebox at their backs.

Welcome, Guests

Old lovers and the time you shared
come knocking not so often
right up to your front door
and being neighborly and gracious and wanton
you let them in.
They're welcome when you bathe
and the water finds places they know
and when you polish your nails;
the color now attractive to you
because of their influence.
They're welcome when you hear
notes to a melody
with words sharing the same time,
and the phone rings you from a
sound sleep.
They're welcome when you look at
your husband
from across the room
and know he is anything
and everything
they couldn't possibly be.

Alice Dickerson is a re-entry student at Mount St. Mary's College. She has worked in advertising and marketing for 16 years, and is currently employed at the Metropolitan Transportation Authority. Alice published "Pregnancy & Other Unkept Secrets" in the Pepperdine University literary magazine.

Melissa Mendiola

Untitled

Soft Beautiful

Untouchable in the Snow

Hiding from Hunters

Melissa Mendiola is a first-year liberal arts major at the Mount. She has published some of her works at the College of Art in San Francisco.

Bradley Paterson

Rosemary and Time

There was no heat or electricity in Rosemary's cavernous loft. About 50 candles of all sizes and shapes were situated on the cold tile floor, and atop various wooden and plastic milk crates scattered about. I sat with her on a black futon, and listened intensely as she narrated how her life had unfolded over the last four years. I was horrified by how she looked and sounded, and shocked by the radical turn her life had taken.

Rosemary and I had been drama students together at college in San Diego. We were cast as Laura and The Gentleman Caller in the fall production of "The Glass Menagerie." Rosemary trembled in my arms as the shy, delicate, and fragile Laura Wingfield, in the scene where we danced. She was a remarkable actress, and her arsenal of foreign accents has all us drama majors convinced that she would be the next Meryl Streep. Flowing blond hair, bright blue eyes, a movie star smile, and a warm, charming personality highlighted her startling attractiveness. We hit it off, and I got to know some unfortunate details about her past. Rosemary ran away from home in Indiana when she was 16 years old, after her stepfather raped her. Her natural father

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Bradley Paterson is a student in the Weekend College program at Mount St. Mary's College. He is majoring in Liberal Arts.

was in and out of prison and had not been heard from since the early seventies, in the Southwest, where he had been dropping acid in the Painted Desert.

I had a big crush on Rosemary, but was very shy. I drove her home from the Christmas party, and at her door, we embraced in a long, sweet goodnight kiss. I wished the moment could be forever frozen in time. When our lips parted, the expression on her face surprised me. Her mouth was twisted into a frown, and she rumpled her eyebrows. "We're just friends," she muttered. "We're just good friends," she repeated, saying it this time as if to convince herself that we were not attracted to each other. I was stunned, confused, and speechless. She disappeared quickly into her apartment.

I did not see Rosemary again until the New Year's Eve party. At midnight, after an awkward pause, we shared a lengthy, passionate kiss. But when we pulled apart, that familiar twisted look returned to her face, and I dreaded what she was going to tell me next. She surprised me by saying, "I've been waiting all my life for you." I was stunned, and like a big dope, stared at her, knowing this was my big cue, I wanted to say, "Here I am, standing right here in front of you," but this startling turn of events left me paralyzed with confusion. I was still hurt from before when she told me we were just friends. Now she revealed how she really felt, but I was too slow to respond. I stood silently as she drifted across the room and was snatched up, by another guy, anxious to give her a Happy New Year's kiss.

Rosemary did not return to school for the spring semester. Over Christmas break, she went to work in a restaurant and the owner became infatuated with her. After one week, he proposed marriage. She resisted his advances for two more weeks, but somehow by the end of the month, they were hitched. He was more than twice her age, and had been married three times. He demanded that she quit school and work with him by becoming an actress. After six months, she discovered that her husband was an incurable womanizer. Through her cascade of tears, she listened to him boast that hurting her, by being unfaithful, was what made him feel like a man. Before the divorce was finalized, their house had gone into foreclosure and the business went bankrupt. She went on welfare, and when I caught up with her four years later to hear about all of this, she was living in a loft above a lesbian bookstore in North Park.

Rosemary was completely unrecognizable from when I last saw her — white make-up pasted over every pore of her face made her look like someone from either Kabuki Theater or Barnum and Bailey's. In the long shadows and candlelight, she appeared ghostlike. Her purple crewcut stood up like porcupine needles, and the ring through her nose accentuated this new hideous and grotesque look. Her monologue was peppered with foul words and bitterness. It was hard to imagine that she was once the radiant, enthusiastic, shining light of the drama department. This was no costume she was wearing, or role she is playing — this was the person she had become. When I encouraged her to get back

into acting, she snapped at me, explaining only that she could "never do that again." I did not tell her much about how my life had been over the last few years, nor did we discuss "The Glass Menagerie" or the Christmas party and New Year's Eve. Our reunion was brief, as I explained hurriedly that it was late, and I had to be going. The goodbye hug was a formality, and I felt repulsed by the thought of kissing any part of her gunk-slathered face.

After I left Rosemary, my stomach was in knots, I had a sickening taste in my mouth, and felt very sad about the downward spiral that her life had taken. I wondered how different our lives might have been if we weren't so immature back in college, and had become romantically involved. In reality, I had no place to go when I dashed away from her frozen loft. For the last six months I had been sleeping in my car. I drove a few blocks and found and appropriate side street to park on. I covered the window of my hatchback with a blanket, folded down the back seat an tucked myself into a sleeping bag. I wondered how long it would take Rosemary to blow out all those candles before she went to bed that night. More than likely, I concluded, it was her style now to lick the tips of her thumb and index finger, pinch the wick of each candle and squeeze out the flames.

Sonnet

Your tears are ice; they fill my soul with rain.
Now freezes cold this heart filled with desire.
What blind god turns away from mortal pain,
And sends cold hope to fuel this frigid pyre?
But when it seems my heart has lost its sense,
And pain has turned it bitter, cold and hard,
And sick with every hurt life can dispense,
Then love has more at stake than any bard
Who says true love is lost without a trace.
For then my soul lays bare its secret part,
And love with kindly charity makes haste
To set the torches burning 'round my heart.
So ends this round in love's eternal game,
Your tears are fire; my soul burns with
their flame.

Mary McDonald graduated from the Mount St. Mary's College Weekend College program in December, 1995, with a major in Liberal Arts and a minor in Art History. She is currently working on a Master of Arts degree in Humanities at Cal State Dominguez Hills.

The Snowman

He stands all alone, cold and numb with no warmth
nothing around him to view, no one in sight to talk to
made of nothing but nature's white powder, he will eventually melt away
the sun is his only enemy
the cold his only friend

he was built by hands of flesh and is used for nothing but decoration
used, confused, and lost...fearing a warm, sunny day
he thinks of himself as object with no purpose whose fate is just *too* inevitable
wishing he could escape this trap...dreaming of comfort and love

The world is full of these
objects that are lost and out of place
unable to relate to those around them
so motionless that you wouldn't know
they were alive inside

Rising from a sound sleep one morning
heading to the mirror to start the day
your eyes are shocked at the reflection your stare-
can it be so...is there a snowman standing there?

Brenda Canales has published three poems in the National Library of Poetry. She is a second year political science major at the Mount, and currently wants to be a political analyst.